

Breton
Alta.

Some thirty five years ago the writer was working for a lumberman in an upriver camp about 100 miles S.W. of Edmonton Alta. this particular winter I was freighting, making the round trip to Edmonton every seven days. ask any of the old timers what they judge to be the coldest job in these parts & they will say on the tote road! That was a very cold winter the thermometer often reaching 60° below. On one such trip I was pulling into the stopping place for the night - frozen stiff and about starving, with the old team about played out - pulling through snow that was like sand (the pleasantest memories I have of freighting by the way, was the joy of reaching one of these havens for the weary freighter at dark. on a frigid day such as this, I took care of my team & was ^{entirely} ~~entirely~~ a good hot supper when I heard the pump rattle in the stable yard thinking another tote team had pulled in for the night I closed the barn door & thought I heard some moaning in the direction of the pump & with my stable lantern went to investigate, passing another shigh, casually glancing into the box I saw a ~~big~~ pile of disarranged blankets of the lumberjacks type my lantern then showed me the cause of the groaning, with one hand on the pump handle, in his sock feet no cover on his head stood, or rather crouched the most woe beyond human I have ever seen, clotted blood over his hair, face, & chest, frozen solid, one arm dangling & useless moaning & groaning he was about to collapse as I took hold of him. I yelled for someone to come from the house, but as they were evidently busy with their supper, nobody heard me

By rolling him in the blankets I ran over to the house, the
 farmer his wife a grown up son & daughter, ^{2 two strangers} sat at the table.
 who is the man out-side I shouted? one of the strangers
 evidently a lumber jack, says oh, that's a poor stiff-fot-killed
 in the camp this morning, he fell on him, come on says
 I he was trying to get a drink at the pump, you're crazy
 says he he's been dead 12 hours, come says I, bring
 another lantern the only person who seemed to have
 grasped the situation was the landlady a big shapely
 woman of about 250 lbs. & a heart in proportion to her size
 came out with me. we picked up the poor fellow who
 was semi-conscious & carried him into the house the other
 members by this time eager to give us a hand.
 In the better light of the house the crippled man looked
 worse than ever his face was swollen, frozen blood covered his
 head neck & chest one arm smashed & no doubt other serious
 injuries, we laid him on an old sofa, the good lady getting hot
 broth, hot water etc, she started to wash his head & face while
 I tried to feed him a few drops of broth with a tea spoon, he
 groaning all the time, swallowing a little liquid he gradually opened
 one of his eyes which was very blue, I remember he had long thick
 black hair a black beard & appeared to be rather a distinguished
 looking man in spite of his smashed up, appearance for an hour
 or so we did all we could, his two companions very quiet & scared
 anxious to help but afraid to come too near as he was still a
 dead man & they referred to him as much as they whispered
 between themselves lumber jacks of that period were very
 superstitious & generally totally illiterate.

It was still some 25 miles to the nearest Indian Store Plain, & another 20 on to the city with only heavy horses to make the trip & the thermometer below 50.° so we heated stones, got a couple of extra stable lanterns the son, getting ready, one of the farm teams we put him in the sleigh with lots of blankets & quilts the son driving the team & one of his mates beside him to watch the lanterns etc. they started out about midnight for Store Plain, where I found out later the Dr. looked him over, then hiring a fresh team took him in to the city where he arrived about noon next day & I on my way went to camp.

It suddenly dawned upon me that I did not even know the man's name or if he had any relatives around, well after this I was in the woods steady that winter & never heard of the man directly, those days there were no phones, mail came about once a month, nobody wrote much anyway,

Some four or five years later I was working on the river drive & needing more men I went down river on a small raft to the city, in the meantime sheet cans had been put on the city shats so I fancied the novelty of a ride climbed on at 12th & prosper for a look around the town, the conductor a dark man with very blue eyes small & thin took my money & stopped looked again, & then finally came back to me, did you live up river a few years ago says he, do you remember a man being killed at one of the camps one very cold spell? yes I says, well you're the man that gave me the hot soup & that dear old ladies place in the jungles somewhere out there, yes that's me says I, don't you remember me? yes I remember you, but I only saw one of your eyes don't forget.

And a uniform, clean shaven face etc. has made a transformation almost incredible, he pulled off his cap & showed a big white scar right across his head, his arm had been crushed some of his fingers & toes had been frozen & others bruised but the hospital had patched him up wonderfully & he insisted that he was as good as over. By this time I had circled the world of those days & jumped off, my unnamed friend, who could not thank me enough for the little service I had been to him, disappeared from my ken, soon after came August 1914.

I joined up & was overseas some three years when I returned my good wife informed me that the ~~flu~~ had taken off the entire family of our kindly stopping place folks. as it had done for many more in the epidemic of 1917-18. I believe our unnamed friend went overseas & is now one of those to whom we pay homage every Nov. 11.

East-Anglian.

My kin be please please,
for anything that may be repented

W. G. Lindley
Portsmouth
& Justice of the Peace

2 Copies for Sept issue
Brush up a little when too
wonder.

2 Copies

Sept

issue

THE DEAD MAN WHO PUMPED WATER

BY WILLIAM SPINDLER.

Some thirty years ago the writer was working for a lumberman in an upriver camp about 100 miles southwest of Edmonton, Alberta. This particular winter I was freighting, making the round trip to Edmonton every seven days. Ask any of the ^{old timers} ~~Old Timers~~ what's they judge to be the coldest job in these parts and they will ^{tell} ~~you~~ "on say on the tote road!" That was a ^{better} ~~very~~ cold winter, the thermometer often reaching 60 below. On one ^{this particular} ~~such~~ trip I was pulling into ^a ~~the~~ stopping place for the night frozen stiff and about starving. The old team was about played out ^{for the heavy} ~~pulling~~ through snow ~~that~~ was like sand. The pleasant memories I have of freighting, by the way, was the joy of reaching one of these havens for the weary freighter at dark. On a frigid day, such as this, I took care of my team, ~~and was~~ ^{I was caring for} anticipating a good hot supper, when I heard the pump rattle in the stable yard. Thinking another tote team had pulled in for the night, I closed the barn door ^{only to} ~~and thought~~ ^{hear a strange form} I heard a moaning ⁱⁿ the direction of the pump. I ^{grabbed} ~~took~~ my lantern and went to investigate, ^{noticed} passing another sleigh I ~~casually~~ glanced into the box and saw a pile of disarranged blankets of the lumberjack type. ^{The rays of my} My lantern then showed me the ^{source} ~~cause~~ of the ^{groans.} ~~moaning~~ with one hand on the pump handle, ^{his feet in frozen socks} ~~in his sock feet~~ and no cover on his head, stood, or rather crouched, the most woe begone human being I have ever seen. Clotted blood over his hairy face and chest was frozen solid, one arm was dangling and useless; moaning and groaning he was about to collapse as I took hold of him. I yelled for someone to come from the house, but ~~as~~ they were

Rolling the
evidently busy with their supper, ~~nobody heard me, so rolling~~

Stranger
~~him~~ in the blankets, I ~~ran~~ *to* over to the house. The farmer, his

wife, a grown-up son and daughter, and two strangers sat at the

table. "Who ^{is} the man outside?" I shouted. ~~One of the~~

remarked a lumberjack
~~strangers, evidently a lumberjack, says, "Oh, that's a poor stiff"~~

"he"
got killed in the camp this morning; tree fell on him."

"Well" I cried
~~"Come on," says I,~~ "He was trying to get a drink at the pump."

came the contemptuous retort
~~"You're crazy," says he.~~ "He's been dead twelve hours!"

~~"Come," says I. "Bring another lantern."~~

The only person who seemed to have grasped the situation, was

the landlady, a big strapping woman of about 250 pounds ~~and a~~

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~~bust in proportion to her size. She came out with me and we~~

picked up the poor fellow who was semi-conscious and carried him

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into the house. The ~~other members~~ by this time were eager to

give a hand.

In the better light of the house, the crippled man looked worse

than ever. His face was swollen, frozen blood covered his head,

neck, and chest. One arm was smashed, and no doubt he had other

landlady
~~various injuries. We laid him on an old sofa; the good lady got~~

hot water, ~~etc.~~ and started to wash his head and face, while I

tried to feed him a few drops of broth with a teaspoon. Moaning

and groaning all the time while swallowing a little liquid, he

a very blue eye
gradually opened ~~one of his eyes which was very blue, I remember.~~

He had ~~long~~ thick black hair, a black beard, and appeared to be a

rather distinguished looking man in spite of his smashed up appearance.

For an hour ~~or so~~ we did all we could. His two companions, very quiet, seemed anxious to help but were afraid to come too near, ^{to them} as he was still a dead man and they referred to him as such when they whispered between themselves. Lumberjacks of that period were very superstitious and generally ^{quite} totally illiterate.

It was still ~~some~~ twenty-five miles to the nearest doctor at Stony Plain, and another twenty on to the city. With only heavy horses to make the trip and the thermometer ^{standing fifty} below ~~fifty~~ degrees, we heated stones, got a couple ^{of} extra stable lanterns, and while the son got ready one of the farm teams, we put the man in the sleigh with ^{covered} lots of blankets and quilts. With the son driving ~~the team~~ and one of his mates beside him to watch the lanterns, etc., they started out about midnight for Stony Plain where, I found out later, the doctor looked ^{the stranger & rushed} him over, then hiring another fresh team took the injured man ^{him} to the ^{hospital} city where he arrived about noon next day.

On my way to camp, it suddenly dawned upon me that I did ^{not} even know the man's name or if he had any relatives around. Well, after this I was in the woods steady during the winter and never heard of the man directly, as in those days, there were no phones, mail came about once a month but nobody wrote much anyway.

~~Some~~ Four or five years later, I was working on the river drive, and since they needed ^{more} men, I went down-river on a small raft to the city. In the meantime street cars had been put on the ^{just} city ^{Edmonton} streets, so I ^{fancying} fancied the novelty of a ride ^I and climbed on at First Street and Jasper for a look around the town. The conductor, a dark man with very blue eyes, smart and trim, took my money,

stopped and looked me over. ~~Finally he came back to me.~~ "Did you live upriver a few years ago?" ^{he asked.} ~~says he.~~ "Do you remember a man being killed at one of the camps one very cold spell?"

"Yes!" I ^{said "then" he beamed.} ~~says.~~ "Well, you're the man that gave me the hot soup at that ~~dear~~ old lady's place in the jungles ^{back and with his wife bring} ~~somewhere out there.~~"

^{me back to life!}
 "Yes, that's me," says I.

"Don't you remember me?"

"Yes, I remember you, but I only saw one of your eyes, don't forget! And a uniform, a clean shaven face, etc. has made a transformation almost incredibly."

He pulled off his cap and showed me a big white scar right across his head. his arm had been crushed, some of his fingers and toes had been frozen, and other parts of his body had been badly bruised, but the hospital had patched him up wonderfully, and he insisted that he was as good as ever.

By this time I had circled the route ~~of those days,~~ and jumped off.

^{after saying good bye to}
 My unnamed friend who could not thank me enough for the little service I had ^{done him} ~~been to him,~~ disappeared from my ken.

Soon after came August 1914. I joined up and was overseas some three years. When I returned my ~~good~~ ^{told} wife ~~informed~~ ^{convinced} me that the 'flu had ~~taken~~ off the entire family of our kindly stopping place folks, as it had ~~done~~ for many more in the epidemic of 1917-18. ^{As for} "the 'dead man' who pumped water" I believe he ~~believe~~ our unnamed friend went overseas and is now one of those ^{amongst those} to whom we pay homage every November 11.

THE DEAD MAN WHO PUMPED WATER.

By

William Spindler.

Thirty years ago I was working for a lumberman in an up-river camp about 100 miles southwest of Edmonton, Alberta, freighting, making the round trip to Edmonton every seven days.

Ask any old-timer what's the coldest job in these parts and they will tell you "on the tote road". That was a bitter winter, the thermometer often reaching sixty below. On this particular trip I was pulling into a stopping place for the night, frozen stiff and about starving. The old team was about played out for the heavy snow was like sand.

I was caring for my team, anticipating a good hot supper, when I heard the pump rattle in the stable yard. Thinking another tote team had pulled in I closed the barn door only to hear a strange moaning from the direction of the pump. I grabbed my lantern and proceeded to investigate. Passing another sleigh I glanced into the box and noticed a pile of disarranged blankets. The rays of my lantern showed me the source of the groans. With one hand on the pump handle, his feet in frozen socks and no cover on his head, stood, or rather crouched, the most woe-begone human being I have ever seen. Clotted blood over his hairy face and chest was frozen solid, one arm was dangling and useless. Moaning and groaning, he was about to collapse as I took hold of him.

I yelled for someone to come from the house, but they

were evidently busy with their supper. Rolling the stranger in the blankets I tore over to the house. The farmer, his wife, a grown-up son and daughter, and two strangers, sat at the table. "Who is the man outside?" I shouted.

"Oh! that's a poor stiff," remarked a lumberjack. "He got killed in the camp this morning. Tree fell on him."

"Well," I cried, "he was trying to get a drink at the pump!"

"You're crazy," came the contemptuous retort. "He's been dead twelve hours."

The only person who seemed to grasp the situation was the landlady, a big strapping woman of about two hundred and fifty pounds. Hurrying out with me we picked up the poor fellow, who was semi-conscious, and carried him into the house. The others, by this time, were eager to give a hand.

In the better light of the house the crippled man looked worse than ever. His face was swollen; frozen blood covered his head, neck and chest; one arm was smashed, and no doubt he had other injuries. We laid him on an old sofa. The landlady got hot water and started to wash his head and face while I tried to feed him a few drops of broth with a teaspoon. Moaning and groaning all the time while swallowing the liquid, he gradually opened a very blue eye. He had thick black hair, a black beard, and appeared to be a rather distinguished looking man in spite of his smashed-up appearance.

For an hour we did all we could. His two companions seemed anxious to help but were afraid to come too near as, to them, he was still a dead man. Lumberjacks of that period were very superstitious and generally quite illiterate.

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"Did you live up-river a few years ago?" he asked. "Do you remember a man being killed at one of the camps one very cold spell?"

"Yes!" I said.

"Then," he beamed, "you must be the man that gave me the hot soup at that old lady's place back in the jungles and helped bring me back to life."

He pulled off his cap and showed me a big white scar right across his head. His arm had been crushed, some of his fingers and toes had been frozen, and other parts of his body had been badly bruised, but the hospital had patched him up wonderfully, and he insisted that he was as good as ever.

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